

smoke says
left alone
nothing; repeated, that, to do with the field you'd fight through patterns to, drooling
pick up some time's, bottle
they're calling you ,best stuff
bottle and it can
pick up with your hands
and have your movement
and your safety bottle
down
pick up some snow
at a friends house, so comely
you brought the frozen glisten
at a friends house so friendly
let you bring it inside
and you can get to sleep
it's the mystery part of a ride
bottle
your you, your own mystique
holder
stuff charter
markings flicked saved without despise
saved not despised held within the windows
the markings on the shelf, put place, where the bottle, shelf and markings
you know them and mystique
you keep, you keep what you
you keep you and you
giving them that for a second
you keep what you safe

now no one knowing
friends place of happy
no one forgot back to invite smoke
and the place, is in going
the blades of grass ten
ten wheels acquaintances of color of friend
there's a route to get there
blades of grass green
forgot how to count

happy on, the shrink
“have a meal,” cuts the beings
charming, cursive, script
rendition’s, sleep
seats’ the full thing
eats the full tunnel
tunnel called pile
snow lasts for a while
happy to wake and, wink

you are my processer application poets
you are my browser software poets

sleep too soon
snoring hits you